

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
 2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
 3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
 4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
 5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.
- Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.
- "Whatever you are—Be that! Whatever you say—Be true! Straightforwardly act, Be honest—in fact, Be nobody else but you."

POETRY.

TO THE BOOSTERS.

Oh, Boosters! Little Boosters!
When the time has come to rest,
Do you think of all our Club days,
As you cuddle in your nest?

Do you recollect our motto
Of love and sunshine, too?
And the love and wisdom colors,
That teach us to be true?

Do you think of all the fairies,
That come to make us glad;
And all the happy angels,
That drive away the sad?

Do you think of me at bed-time,
When the moon is shining low?
And know we are united
Wherever we may go?

THE BOY.

By Emma O. Lente.
He comes when we call him, he goes
When we send;
His hands and swift feet he is ready to
Lend;
He laughs and he shouts and is keen
At his fun,
Sedate at his books, and his work is
Well done.

He is freckled and awkward and lov-
able, but
Forgetful and head-strong, we'll own
unto you;
But he's gentle and kind to his neu-
rophils pets,
To attend to their comfort he never
forgets.

We need much of wisdom to guide him
along,
We need stores of patience, we need
to be strong,
For a boy is a problem complex and
obscure—
But the love that we bear him will
ever endure.

The traits of his clan in his being are
met;
The brightest of hopes on his future
are set;
And we pray and we trust to the
Father above,
To best very kind with this boy whom
we love!

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-
AWAKES.

I knew two little boys once who
were brothers and when their mother
wanted them to help her by doing er-
rands or little things about the house,
Will always said he would, and George
always said he wouldn't.

"That looks as if Will was the good
boy and George the bad boy; but
George used to be sorry for his con-
duct and then do what he said he
would not do, while Will would forget
his promise and never keep it."

Will was a willing promiser but was
not careful to keep his word; and
George had the spirit of a little rebel
which he always overcame and did as
his mother or father bade him to do.

Will was the favorite because par-
ents like the I-will boy better than
they do the I-won't boy, even when the
I-will boy seldom does as he says he
will; but the world generally likes the
one who does better than it does the
false promiser.

No doctor could cure these two boys
of the difference in their way of re-
sponding; not even the doctor of di-
vinity, and they both kept up the dif-
ference to manhood and both have
made their way as I-will and I-won't,
and both own homes of their own; but
I-won't has done so many things I-
will ought to have done that he is al-
together a different man, makes the
most money, and is in the best circum-
stances.

I-will is worse than I-won't if one's
word is not honored. It is better to
do right than to be agreeable to the
suggestion and forever neglect to
do as one should.

The I-won't boy used to repent and
do right, and it was because he did
right that the I-will boy, who was per-
sistent in wrong-doing was outdis-
tanced.

It pays to mean what you say, and
to do right, even if you have spoken
thoughtlessly.

This is the only way a I-won't boy
has ever known to get ahead of an I-
will boy.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Anna A. Blatherwick, of Norwich—
Thank you very much for the prize
book you sent me. I will write again
soon. It is very interesting.

Harry Levi, of Bozrahville—I re-
ceived the prize book entitled, "The
Boy Scouts Under Sealed Orders," and
thank you very much for it. I have read
it through and found it very inter-
esting.

Alfreda Walker, of Mansfield Center—
I thank you very much for the nice
prize book you sent me. I have read
it and like it very much.

Ralph Olsen, of Baltic—Many thanks
for the wonderful prize book which I
received for a prize from you. You'll
be my stories regular as I think it
very nice to write to the Wide-Awake.

Helen Rist, of Lisbon—I received the
prize book, "The Bobsey Twins at the
Seashore," for which I thank you very
much. I now have three of the Bob-
sey Twins books, all different stories.

Orin Whitehouse, of Mansfield Cen-
ter—I thank you very much for the
prize book. I have read a few pages
and like it very much.

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

Sylvia A. Miner, of North Frank-
lin—The Camp-Fire Girls in the
Trenches.

Little Marchess, of Mansfield Cen-
ter—The Boy Allies in the Trench-
es.

Joseph Master, of Bozrahville—The

Boy Allies in the Balkan Campaign.

—Leo Poliquin, of Versailles—The
Boy Allies With the Cossacks.

—Martin Delinsky, of Bozrahville—
Watch and Wait.

—Ruth Costello, of Storrs—The
Camp-Fire Girls Go Motoring.

—Alice Williams, of Norwich—Hope
and Have.

—Nellie Day, of Storrs—Motor-
cycle Chums of Northwest Patrol.

Winners of books living in the city
may call at The Bulletin business of-
fice for them at any time after 10 a.
m. on Thursday.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-
AWAKES.

Our School Fair.

Last Friday was our school fair.
We had cooking, canning, vegetables
and special articles.

In vegetable booth were peppers, to-
matoes, pop-corn and potatoes.
For sewing we had towels, dresses,
centerpieces and handkerchiefs.

In cooking we had three kinds of
fudge. I took first prize on one pan
of fudge which was my own.

On the canning table there were
peaches, tomatoes, raspberries, grape
jelly, grape jam.

The specials were a big boat and a
small boat.

The live stock, a rabbit and some
chickens.

There were from thirty to thirty-
four people. Mr. Brundage said we
had the best school fair in the town.

STORRS. NELLIE DAY.

The School Fair.

Our fair wasn't so good this year
as on some of the years past, because
it was so late. We had it the 6th
of October.

In the morning, the day of the fair,
some of the boys came early and went
over to Mr. Hauschke's, for some wide
boards, for the tables.

We had three large tables. There
was one in the back of the room, and
other in the front and the other was
on the right side.

The one in the back of the room was
for the flowers. There was a very
nice collection.

In front were the odd specials.
Among these was a very large four-
masted boat. Besides the vegetables
were potatoes, pop corn, peppers, a squash,
and some beans.

On the right side was for
sewing, and the cooking. I think this
table was the best of all. Besides
there was some canning. Among these
were jam, jellies, peaches and beans.

For live stock there were two roas-
ters, four hens, and a rabbit.

Mr. Brundage said we had the best
fair in the town.

STORRS. RUTH COSTELLO.

Broom-Corn.

I wonder if any of the Wide-Awakes
ever heard of broom-corn.

There are many kinds of millet,
which we hear of every day, and many
of us have probably swept with such
kinds of millet.

This broom-corn grows as tall as
corn, but branches out in many stiff
straws at the top. Its seeds are found
at the end of these straws, and from
these straws, brooms are made.

Broom-corn will grow on any soil on
which Indian corn can be produced.

The countries that raise it for
brooms are France, Germany and the
United States.

MIRIAM SHERSHVSKY, Age 8.
Norwich.

Life in the Colonies.

It was a warm and pleasant Satur-
day, December 23, 1620; the air was
clear and balmy as the winter wind
had blown itself out in the storm of
the day before.

The people on board the Mayflower
were very glad of the pleasant day.

It was three long months since they
had started from Plymouth, England,
to seek a home far across the ocean.

Now they had landed in a
harbor which they called New Plym-
outh, in New England.

Other people call these voyagers
Pilgrims, which means wanderers. A
long while before, the Pilgrims lived
in the woods and saw some children
home with the Dutch; finally they said
good bye to their friends in Holland
and in England, and sailed away to
America.

There were but one hundred and two
of the Pilgrims on the Mayflower; but
they were brave and full of hope. The
Mayflower was the only home they
had; but this weather-lashed vessel
would soon have warm log cabins.

The men went ashore that afternoon
and were busy cutting wood.

The women were busy, too. Some
were knitting, some spinning, some
sewing. It was so bright and pleas-
ant that Mistress Rose Standish took
her knitting and was sitting while
on the deck. She was too weak to
face rough weather, and she wanted
to enjoy the sunshine and the clear,
warm air.

Mistress Brewster sat by her side.
They were both loved by every one
for neither ever spoke kindly.

the wonderful golden flowers. To every
one he gave a flower.

Soon the people came to buy his
flowers. In such thick the weeds of the
fair came to be true, for the rocky
field bore a golden harvest.

In a few years the younger brother
thieved enough money to buy the
old home. And now, when the daffodil
story is told in that far-off land, the
people say:

"Work is the fairy charm that brings
the golden harvest."
LEONA SULLIVAN, Age 11.
Taftville.

A Circus Wagon.

It was a huge wagon about twenty
feet long and very low. The wagon
was richly decorated with gilded
figures and brightly colored scenes.

There were two doors on each side
which could be opened. These doors
were painted to look like the sides of
a circus wagon.

On the other side of the wagon was
a large painting of a king sitting on
a throne in the dark jungles of Africa.

This painting was surrounded by fan-
tastic dragons and gods as on the other
side.

On the back of the wagon was
printed Barnum & Bailey Circus in
letters of gold and the pictures of both
Mr. Barnum and Barnum were painted
below the printing.

The folding doors, which I have al-
ready mentioned, when opened, dis-
closed strong iron bars, behind which
were the seats of the circus riders.

The king of the forest, not in all his glory,
with his mate. Both were looking
at the king of the forest. One huge
paw of the lion hung loosely over the
paw of the bear and bared to the one
who tried to shake hands with him.

A sign was hung on the lower
corner of the wagon which was
printed: Lion and Lioness. Beware!

The wheels of this wagon were
small but durable and painted a bright
yellow.

The driver's seat was built high, and
the driver, a half breed, lazily held the
reins in his hands. He was dressed in
a bright red suit trimmed with gold
braid and wore a red cap with a white
plume on it.

Eight large, iron gray, working
horses drew the wagon. Each horse
had a blanket of red decorated with
gold braid thrown over him.

As the wagon faded from view, for I
saw it in a circus parade, I thought
the time when wild animals roamed all
forests, and now even the king of the
forest is sometimes behind bars.

This wagon presented a picture of
a king and a queen, and was
pleasing to those who are
fond of bright colors.

FLOESSIE MEYER, Age 14.
Taftville.

A Man Without a Country.

Philip Nolan was a lieutenant in the
United States army.

One day he met a gentleman who
fascinated him and turned him against
his country.

Nolan was arrested and tried for
treason. He was asked if he had any-
thing to say for himself. He exclaim-
ed:

"Curse the United States, I wish I
had never seen it! I hope I will never
see it again!"

The jury went into a private room
and when they came out they took
Nolan to a ship owned by the govern-
ment.

He was never to see or hear of the
United States again. He was allowed
to read foreign papers, but anything
alluding to the United States should
be cut out.

One day they gave him a book to
read. There was something about the
United States in it. He threw it into
the sea and went into his stateroom.

He did not come out for six months.
One day he became ill and the doc-
tor was called. The doctor came out
an hour after and said he was dead.

In his bible there was a piece of
paper. The paper read:

"Dear friends—Bury me in the sea.
It has been my home and I love it.
Place a headstone on Fort Adams and
say on it, 'In memory of Philip Nolan,
a man without a country.' I love the
United States better than anyone else,
but I deserve less at her hands. I have
a home and a country."

ANNA CORCORAN, Age 13.
Lowell.

The Kingdoms.

Once there was a king named Fred-
erick William.

One time he was tired of the noisy
city, so he took a walk through the
woods and saw some children play-
ing. He sat down with them and began
to ask them questions. He took an
orange from his pocket and asked
them to what kingdom it belonged.

They were puzzled.

One boy said it belonged to the ve-
getable kingdom and he got the orange
for his prize.

Then the king took a gold coin from
his pocket and asked the same ques-
tion as before, and the boy said it be-
longed to the mineral kingdom and
got the coin for his prize.

Then the king asked them to what
kingdom he belonged and the little girl
said he belonged to the kingdom of
heaven.

The king took her up in his arms
and said: "So be it! I think you are
quite right!"

BLANCHE LUCIER.
Taftville.

Proud of His Patch.

A poor boy was attending school
one day with a large patch on one
knee of his trousers.

His schoolmates made fun of
him for this, and called him "Old
Patch."

"Why don't you give him?" cried
one of the boys. "I'll give it to him,
if he'll let me do so."

"Oh," said the boy, "you don't sup-
pose I'm ashamed of my patch, do you?
I'm not. I'm thankful for a good
mother to keep me out of rage. I'm
proud of my patch for her sake."

This was noble. That boy had cour-
age that would make him a hero in
the struggles of life. We must have
courage in our struggles if we hope
to come out right.

TOMMY TIDD.

Tommy Tidd says:

In the house as a pet. It used to come
into the dining room every evening.
As no one ever touched it or tried to
eat it, the little baby became very
much at home. It lived in the same
house for thirty-six years.

Last spring the gardener, while
digging for radishes, saw a toad
crawling from the spot with nothing
on its back. The next day he noticed
it again, and his curiosity being
aroused, he took the toad from the
other's back, and found that its two
forelegs had been lost as far as the
joint. The toad he has not seen
them, but thinks that they may re-
appear in damp weather.

A toad that will carry his lame
brother on his back surely deserves a
medal from the human society.
LEO POLQUIN, Age 12.
Versailles.

Shipwrecked.

It was the custom not many years
ago for men on the coast to go whal-
ing. They caught and took the oil
from the whales. Each man had a
boat of his own. Those who did not
have a boat hired out to those who
did.

It was the case in this story. This
man's name was John Williams. He
was wrecked off Herd's Island about
two hundred miles from Cape Horn.
There were but on the island where
other people had stayed. They left
one party on one side with supplies for
several weeks. They then went to the
other side. When they tried to land
they could not get off so they dumped
the supplies on the beach.

There were thirty-six men. When
the other party got out of supplies
they came over to the other side. John
died of the cold and then the others
stationed men to look for boats. Only
two died. They went over the moun-
tains and perished with the cold.

There was nothing to eat but a
weed. It was like a cabbage. They
drank melted snow, and patched their
clothes again and again.

The thing they missed most was to-
bacco. As they were to be away six
months they did not know it at home.
Finally his sister got worried. She
went to Mr. Lawrence and asked him
to find them.

He would not so she asked the gov-
ernment. They sent a warship from
Astoria, which happened to be the near-
est place.

The first thing Mr. Williams asked
was if anyone had any tobacco. The
captain gave him a piece. He bit off
some and put the rest in his pocket.

They had been on the island eight-
een months. They were glad to get
back to America that time.

HELEN WILLIAMS, Age 13.
Moosup.

Clara Barton.

Clara Barton was born in Oxford,
Mass., in 1821.

As a child she was very fearless.
When she went to school she was
fond of arithmetic.

At the outbreak of the Civil war she
cared for the wounded soldiers on the
battlefield.

In 1864 she had charge of the army
hospitals on the James river.

She became president of the Amer-
ican Red Cross society.

Clara Barton died April 1912.

ALICE GUYETTE, Age 13.
North Franklin.

My Cat.

My cat's name is Buttercup. He is
yellow and white.

Buttercup is two years old. When
I was a little boy he followed me.

Buttercup catches mice, squirrels
and other things that cats like.

GLADYS GUYETTE, Age 11.
North Franklin.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

My Trip to Springfield.

Dear Uncle Jed: I had a fine trip
to Springfield on the 13th of October
because I did so well in flowers.

On the 13th of October I went to
Mansfield Center, reaching there at
7:30 o'clock in the morning. Then an
auto took us to Storrs college.

There were four of us. From Storrs
college the auto took us to Springfield,
Mass.

On the way the auto in front of us
had two blowouts, so they had to stop
and fix their tires.

Many towns, through many cities and
towns and across the Connecticut
river.

When we came to Springfield Mrs.
Barton went to get the auto. I and
the other girls about an old empty
farmhouse where they could camp. All
that was in the house were two old
cots, stoves on which they got their
meals, and all the girls took hammocks
along to put up and sleep in. Each
girl gave seventy-five cents for her
part of a dollar and a half for her
food. They took turns cooking. After
their meals each girl took her dishes
to the river and washed them.

They called the place where they
stayed the Hop Y. It had there was
a great big stone bowl fashioned by
nature there. It was called The Devil's
Bowl. They used it for their icebox.

One day it rained while they were
camping and the rain filled the basin
up with water, and the next morning
they saw a bottle of milk floating down
the stream. It was a bunch of beet,
pound of butter and they lost what
food they had.

They had a woman chaperone and
the farmers and they don't see
many strangers and were so pleased
to have them that they used to give
them things and do everything to
make it pleasant for them.

One man gave them a big basket of
green corn and an old woman gave
them three huckleberry pies, cucum-
bers, vegetables and many good things
to eat. What for that nice?

The farmers got together and in-
vited the crowd to an old fashioned
dinner, dance, and game and after
them in an ox wagon. My sister said
she never saw anything like it, and I
never have.

An old man who used to be a dan-
cing teacher played the fiddle and called
off the dances, change partners, grand
right and left.

There was a camp of Boy Scouts
eight miles down the river and the
minister invited them all to come to
church Sunday. The Boy Scouts all
marched up one side and the girls up
the other. It filled up the church and
ticked the old minister about to pieces,
but he talked so comical and old-fash-
ioned that they could hardly keep from
laughing out loud.

One old woman and man were poor
and had been very good to them. Be-
cause they were they shipped together
and got a collection and gave it to
them.

The last night it rained so hard
some of the folk homesick, but the
narrated seat in an old house, pop-

corn and walnuts, so they danced,
played, sang, and ate, and they had a
jolly time after all.

MIRIAM GORDON, Age 11.

My Pet Goat.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought the Wide-
Awakes would like to hear about my
pet goat. She would run and play
with me until she got tired of playing
and then she would run and jump on
the shed roof and from there she
would go on the barn roof and jump
all around and would not fall. She
would eat with the hens and
she bunted them away from the feed.

She would go on the shed roof to
sleep, with her turkeys, and when
the turkeys came to bed she
would bunt them off of the peak of the
roof.

One day brother and I hitched her
up in a little express wagon and she
tried to go over the wall with me, and
we had lots of fun with her.

One night I called and called for
her, but she would not come. Finally
I found her in a corner with a little
kid. The kid was white and so coun-
ting. She got large enough to
play, and it would get on its mother's
back and ride. The little goat would
stand on its hind legs and walk.

The mother goat and the little goat
would run and play all over the yard.
SYLVIA A. MINER, Age 12.
North Franklin.

Fire Prevention Day.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell
you about Fire Prevention day, the 9th
of October.

We had to read about forest fires.
I wrote a composition.

Fires in the woods do nothing but
harm.

They often destroy the soil so that
nothing will grow well on it.

The leaf-mold will burn and so the
best part of the soil is destroyed.

MAY LECRAU, Age 10.
Brooklyn.

See the Deer.

Dear Uncle Jed: We live on a large
farm in the northern part of Canter-
bury on a high hill named Wauraus-
tuck Hill, after a tribe of Indians.

We keep several cows and three
horses. I help papa rake hay and feed
chickens.